

Nuggets Of News



September, 1999

News, Photographs and Events of the Gold Hill Historical Society, Est. 1986

Meetings are held the third Wednesday each month at 6:30 PM at the Historical Society Museum, 504 First Ave., Gold Hill, Oregon (Except August when the annual potluck is held at noon on the Museum grounds on the Sunday following the third Wednesday)

Mailing Address: Post Office Box 26, Gold Hill, Oregon 97525-0026

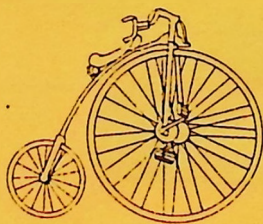
Museum Hours: Wednesday through Sunday, 10:00 AM to 4:00 PM, except holidays. Admission FREE, donations accepted.

CALENDAR for 2000

Work is under way for our annual calendar, and it should be ready for distribution and sale by September 22, 1999. Even though we decided at an earlier meeting to skip calendar production for the year 2000, after consideration, we didn't feel right about not having a calendar. This would make the ninth year of production, and the advent of the year 2000 is not an occasion to be taken lightly or skipped. Our theme will be a showcase of some of our many beautiful artifacts and photos. Price of the calendars will remain the same, \$5.00 each, but due to increased postage, shipping and handling costs must be raised to \$1.50. Be sure to plan the purchase of a calendar for your home for this fund raiser, and save shipping and handling costs by visiting the museum and making your purchase at that time.

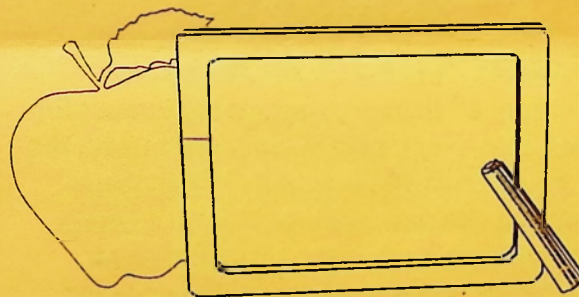
WINDOW DISPLAY

On August 4, 1999 Gold Hill Historical Society placed a display in one of the windows at Southern Oregon Historical Society's History Center. Joyce Wayland and Gloria Wood did a great job. Be sure to take a look the next time you're in Medford. Our display will be in the window for six months so don't miss it.



SUMMER'S OVER

With the arrival of September, our often hectic summer pace will slow and we'll hopefully catch up on some of the "need to be done" items. The children are back in school, we've already been blessed with a couple rains, and tourist traffic will moderate. There is still much to be done in the yard.



On August 5, 1999 foundations for the remainder of the stamp mill and for the railroad signal arm were poured, as well as a very welcome sidewalk on the west side of the house, going from the back porch steps to the front porch steps. This should help alleviate a lot of wet muddy shoes when the winter rains come.

Southern Oregon Historical Society's updated version of "Faces and Places" panel is now on display at our museum. Be sure to come in and check it out.

As promised, our beautiful porcelain doll, "Ruffles", was raffled off at the annual potluck, Sunday, August 22nd. A museum visitor, Norma Jean Brisk Toellner, won her. Proceeds from the raffle will help defray a small part of the expense of keeping our museum open and operating. Keep watching for our next raffle.

GOLD HILL PLAYERS

Our ambitious project to present plays at Valley of the Rogue State Park Amphitheater this summer did not work out as planned. Our student volunteers who were writing, directing and acting in the old fashioned melodrama ran into time constraints and scheduling conflicts, so found it necessary to bow out. True to form our curator, Joyce Wayland filled in with gold panning demonstrations, Ted Wharton held the audiences spellbound with tales of early mining days, and Gloria Wood presented a spectacular slide show, with able assistance from Clare Moore. The programs were well received and brought many visitors to the museum in the ensuing days.



A DRAGON'S TALE

On July 8th there was quite a big turnout for the Dragon Tale event, held in conjunction with the library. We entertained about forty children and four adults and everyone seemed to have a good time. The children were able to craft their own Chinese lanterns and were given folding fans for their mothers. As usual, refreshments were a great hit.

ANNUAL POTLUCK

Our annual potluck was held on Sunday, August 22nd, and even though Mother Nature did not cooperate with a moderate temperature, our shady yard offered great relief from the heat. This was one of our best-attended potlucks with at least forty plus in attendance. People were moving around so much that it was difficult to count, so I gave up at forty, knowing I probably missed a few. As always, Ted's barbecued chicken was a great hit and the trial of the deep fried turkeys was greeted as a success. At least, we polished off all of the chicken and all but a very small amount of the two turkeys. All of the other food was delicious. We

can count many good cooks among our member and guests, and we all have expanding waistlines to prove it.

GOLD DUST DAY

Gold Dust Day reappeared on Saturday June 12th after being absent in 1998. We entered the parade with our beautifully restored John Deere tractor (the stamp mill engine) the focal point of our entry. We took second place. We also had our booth in the park following the parade and sales of T-shirts, balloons, grab bags, caps and gold panning equipment were brisk. Clare Moore, Janet Sessions, Marge Martin and Joyce Wayland manned the booth with Don Moore as overseer. Joyce also did gold panning demonstrations. The weather was nice, too, so a lot of people came out. If you missed this event in 1999, look for it again in 2000. It's a wonderful way to get together with your neighbors for a fun day.



ROCK POINT CEMETERY

Two clean-up days were held this year, as well as many additional hours put in by Joyce and Marge, at Rock Point Pioneer Cemetery, and great progress was made. The cemetery looked better than it had for a long time in preparation for Memorial Day. Many thanks to all who came out to help.

THE OLD HUNTER

*From NORTH AMERICAN HUNTER
Reprinted with permission from Bill Miller of the
North American Hunting Club*



When I was just a young man and my body wasn't
 lame
 I could run the woods all day to hunt 'most every
 game.
 Deer and bird and hare I've sought, I've savored
 every chase
 Eager to make a well placed shot, and did in many
 a case.
 The camp fare of heart and liver was not my biggest
 thrill
 But, to be the first one back to camp to brag about
 my skill.
 It seems as times goes flitting by, erosion takes its
 toll
 The canyons just get deeper, and higher grows the
 knoll.
 I sense my running days are ending and my
 braggin' days near done
 I've had to slow the pace a lot and pack a lighter
 gun.
 But, now I've learned the secrets of the graceful
 hills and trees;
 It isn't what a man hunts or stalks, as much as what
 he sees.
 I see flowers, birds and squirrels, and there's many
 sounds to hear
 All tend to help me realize why I'm really here.
 It's not just the kill that counts, although the fare is
 great
 But, to commune with mother nature before it gets
 too late.
 So when my huntin' days are over and my campin'
 days must end,
 I'll pass along my bow and gun to a young and
 trusted friend,
 I hope he won't be offended when I include my sage
 advice,
 "Go slow! Stop! Look and listen, and you'll see its
 pretty nice,
 To find there is so much, much more, in the woods
 to give a thrill
 Than just the rush back into camp to tell about your
 kill
 To learn to take it easy, just like I should have done,
 You'll hunt a whole lot longer and have a lot more
 fun".



PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

By Marge Martin

I hope everyone is having a nice summer.
 We have been busy at the museum with Gold Dust
 Day in June and every other Thursday since July, at
 Valley of the Rogue State Park. Ted Wharton told
 about mining and Gloria Wood showed slides of the
 early days in Gold Hill.

At the museum we had a sidewalk put in on
 the west side of the house and also cement work
 done for the railroad signal and for the stamp mill.

At our annual board meeting and potluck on
 August 22nd we had a real good turn out. Lots of
 food and fun..

Have a good rest of the year.

GOLD HILL SADLY CHANGED WITH "NORT" EDDINGS GONE

From the April, 1925 Gold Hill News

Twisted Smile and Friendly Handclasp of Old Stage Driver to
 Be Missed—Older, wilder Days of Oregon recalled

BY BEN HUR LAMPMAN

Norton Eddings, they tell me, is dead. If I were to go
 to Gold Hill again he wouldn't be there at the station to meet
 me, with a twisted smile on his weathered old face and a hand
 thrust out eagerly. And so it wouldn't be like going back. The
 river would be there, chuckling over its riffles, and the town
 would be there, climbing up and up toward the High Line
 trail, and there would be many familiar faces. But I would
 miss "Old Nort".

We used to assemble along about twilight, when
 dinner was over and the day's fishing done, in front of
 Cardwell's place and sit on the edge of the sidewalk. And
 presently C. C. McClendon, who had been an Indian fighter,
 would come trembling like a tall ghost out of the gloom, and
 Bill Hays, who had caught the first steelhead each season for
 20 years, would be clumping up to the crowd, and an old
 prospector or two would drift along, and always Nort
 Eddings. They would talk of this and of that and of the little
 happenings of little towns, but pretty soon they would be
 talking of the old days, of mines caved in and forgotten, of the
 Chinaman killed beside the sluice boxes, of how the pocket
 hunters used to light their pipes with \$10 bills and of the herd
 boy who found the almost fabulous pocket up the river.



Figures Made Real

Gamblers and Indians, road agents and gunmen, one could almost see them in the dusk there in front of Cardwell's place, with the night hawks zooming over head. And the quaint, musty tang of it was like Bret Harte.

"Somewheres about the summit, I was holdin' the six, I hears in the manzanita, the sound that a hammer clicks." It was the stage driver speaking; he mumbled his quid in his cheek, and he peered to the distant ranges where the old trail runs bleak. Out from the sweetness of the manzanita, from the cloying sweetness of the chaparral--from these and attendant woodticks--stepped Black Bart, "the po-8," the best bandit and worst bard that ever rifled a California-Oregon stage. A tall, spare figure of a man, face hidden by the conventional bandanna, aiming a sawed-off shotgun right at young Nort Edding's middle. The tumbled Siskiyou around them, the far-away whisper of a creek, Black Bart there on the red clay of the road, and Nort with his hands toward the hot blue sky. With little painted lizards creeping out again to watch.

Nort was born on the Oregon trail, somewhere in the Cascade mountains, back in '52. They didn't call it the Old Oregon trail then, for it was relatively young, like the country and the men that traveled it. The cards fell right for this youngest of all possible pioneers, and he grew up to take the ribbons for the California-Oregon stage company--to be a sort of mild edition of Yuba Bill, a smiling, whimsical fellow, welcome anywhere, who knew both horses and men.

Then Comes Contentment

And the years went by as days go, and the stages made their last trips, and Norton Eddings found an eddy of the old west and revolved there, no longer young, but wholly contented.

There were others of his kind near at hand, men whose memories ran side by side with his--Bill Hays, who had been a blacksmith for the stage line and who fished with a rod made of stage whips; the patriarch, Old Man (C. C.) McClendon, broken of body and slow of speech, but wise with the wisdom of the ancients; A. J. T. Smith of the Grand Army, the greatest justice that ever peered over spectacles; Uncle Jim Wright, who used to come from Roseburg to visit Nort, and a score of others, all caught in the backwater, all contented, meeting the trains, swapping yarns, constructing childishly intricate jokes, gathering of nights in front of Cardwell's place.

I wonder if you have any notion what 20 years of driving stage does for a man. In the first place, it slows him down to a quiet, easy philosophy of everything for the best. It gives him dignity and poise in rusty garments. It admits him to the councils of the elders. The stamp of it is indelibly fixed upon his spirit. And there are physical signs manual as well. The hands of Uncle Jim Wright--he's dead these several years--were hooked like the claws of a perching hawk, stiffly incurved, the fingers flattened. You do not hold the ribbons for many seasons, down the steep grades of the Siskiyou, or cool the temper of a hundred straining colts, without incurring certain proud penalties. Uncle Jim's fingers were crooked like that.

Town Sadly Changed

I seem to have said very little of Norton Eddings, stage driver, and more of the background of his last years. It was a pleasant background, and if I have dwelt on it it is because Nort and the background were one. He stood out from it, smiling that twisted little smile of his, head to one side, mild

eyes humorous and kindly, and he merged with it and was lost in it as naturally as an old fir among its fellows. He had a trick of venturing some trifling joke at your expense, Nort had, and then of dropping his hand to your shoulder affectionately, lest you misunderstand. He had a way of wagging his head when calamity was told, as though all the sorrows of the world rested on his thin shoulders. He was very eager to be friendly.

Bill Hays is there and A. J. T. Smith, but the others, Nort and the rest of them, all are gone. Of the young fellows who drove the California-Oregon stages, braving slides and storm and road agents, only one is left. He is George Chase of Yreka, Cal., who used also to visit Norton Eddings. And George is very old, as they all were. He'll do no more visiting with his cronies; no more visiting this side of the divide. I do not like to think that when I go to Gold Hill again, as I shall, Nort won't be at the station. River, hills, madrona, manzanita, a long shadow falling from Echo Mountain--but no Nort Eddings.

CURATOR'S REPORT

By Joyce Wayland

1999 has been a very busy year. We have hosted several adult and children's groups, including the "Dragon's Tale" program in July. We participated in the Gold Dust Day parade and in the Valley of the Rogue State Park program. All were very successful. We also placed a display in the window of the Southern Oregon History Center in Medford and serve as the unofficial Chamber of Commerce for our area. Helping families doing genealogical research is also among our province.

We have recorded nineteen new donations, including a collection of thirty-five glass and celluloid negatives. These have been copied and put on computer disc. They are miscellaneous Gold Hill pictures including the fire in 1915 and the Industrial Fair. Please feel free to drop in and help us identify people or scenes.

We had a very nice potluck on August 22nd in the museum yard, approximately forty people attended and the deep fried turkey was fabulous"

Of course, this is not all we have accomplished. Volunteers renovated the bathroom, we have a new sidewalk and the footing has been poured for the stamp mill. We have an excellent

article each month in the Gold Hill Gazette, written by Barbara Finnie. All this and much more!

Up to September 1st, in 1999 we have had over 500 visitors and volunteers have put in over 2200 hours of volunteer time.

Up coming events for the remainder of 1999 will include a display at the Estremado (Chavner/Thompson) open house, continuing to give gold panning lessons at the museum, and planning and printing the yearly edition of the museum calendar, plus continuing work on the stamp mill, and re-planting some of the flower beds.

The museum is open five days a week, Wednesday thru Sunday, from 10 AM to 4 PM. We welcome any ideas for programs. If you are considering doing volunteer work, please remember us. The museum is an important addition to the city of Gold Hill.

THE DEER THAT LEAVES NO TRACKS

From the Loggers World

Edited by Finley Hayes

(permission to reprint by Finley Hayes)



We who live in Oregon are Salesmen for her charms, her forests green, her air so clean, her fertile fields & farms.

She has lofty snow clad peaks, to feed her lakes and streams.

Nature gave abundantly, beyond an artists dreams. One more thing to ponder on, brains you say I lack, We also have the only deer on earth that do not leave a track!

By now I'm sure you've guessed, I hunt for deer each fall

When leaves have turned to crimson and summers pleasures pall.

Then daily cares are laid aside, if only for a spell Each evening round the fire there's stories to retell. The leading story nowadays as embers turn to black,

Are of the herds of deer we have that do not leave a track!

We have game counts of course, so many deer per mile,

The herds are on the increase, we grit our teeth and smile.

I've hunted on the mountains and hunted "way down low"

Tramped the brushy canyons and sloshed along in snow.

We've hunted all the way to hellandgone; hunted half way back

Now! Let the commission boys come out and show me all those tracks!

*One questions I'd have answered is a must,
All this game we talk about, we only hold in trust,
What of future generations, people as yet unborn,
Can they point to us with pride or point to us with scorn?*

Let's stop this senseless doe slaughter, and once again have back,

Our bouncing, bounding herds of deer that leave a nice fresh track!

By Hoyt Simonson

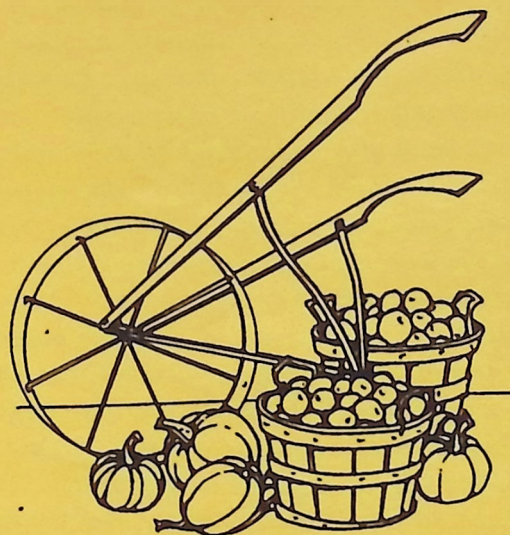
UPCOMING MEETINGS

Please join us for our meetings, which are held the third Wednesday of each month at 6:30 PM in the museum. It's a great way to have say in how your museum is run. Meetings for the next quarter are:

September 15

October 20

November 17



NOSTALGIA

From the Internet

If you are near sixty, you have been witness to more changes—good and bad—than any other generation from Adam and Eve on. Wow! What a time to have lived. Consider the following:

We were born before television, before penicillin, before polio shots, frozen foods, Xerox, plastic, contact lenses, Frisbees and the Pill! We were before radar, credit cards, split atoms, laser beams, ballpoint pens, pantyhose, dishwashers, clothes dryers, electric blankets, air conditioners, drip-dry clothes...and before man walked on the moon.

We got married first and then lived together. How quaint can you be? Bunnies were small rabbits, and rabbits were not Volkswagens. Designer Jeans were scheming girls named Jean, and having a meaningful relationship meant getting along with our cousins.

We thought fast food was what you ate during lent, and Outer Space was the back of the Riviera Theater. We were before househusbands, computer dating, dual careers and commuter marriages. We were before day-care centers, group therapy and nursing homes. We never heard of FM radio, tape decks, electronic typewriters, artificial hearts, word processors, yogurt and guys wearing earrings. For us, time-sharing meant togetherness... not computers or condominiums. A chip meant a piece of wood. Hardware meant hardware and software wasn't even a word.

Back then, "Made in Japan" meant junk and the term "making out" referred to how you did on your exam. Pizzas, McDonalds and instant coffees were unheard of. We hit the scene where there were 5 and 10 cent stores, where you bought things for five and ten cents. Sanders or Wilsons sold ice cream cones for a nickel or a dime. For one nickel you could ride a streetcar, make a phone call, buy a Pepsi or enough stamps to mail one letter and two postcards. You could buy a new Chevy coupe for \$600... but who could afford one? A pity too, because gas was 11 cents a gallon!

In our day, cigarette smoking was fashionable, grass was mowed, Coke was a cold drink and pot was something you cooked in. Rock music was Grandma's lullaby. We were certainly not before the difference between the sexes was discovered, but we were surely before the sex change - we made do with what we had. And we were the last generation that was so dumb as to think you needed a husband to have a baby.

No wonder we are so confused and there is such a generation gap today! But we survived! What better reason to celebrate?

MY SPECIAL LIST

I have a list of folks I know.. All written in a book,
And every now and then..I go and take a look,
That is when I realize, These names.. they are a part,
Not of the book they're written in.. But taken from the heart.

For each Name stands for someone.. Who has crossed my path sometime,
And in that meeting they have become..The reason and the rhyme.

Although it sounds fantastic.. For me to make this claim,
I really am composed.. Of each remembered name.
Although you're not aware.. Of any special link,
Just knowing you has shaped my life.. More than you could think.

So please don't think my greeting.. As just a mere routine,

Your name was not.. Forgotten in between
For when I send a greeting.. That is addressed to you,
It is because you're on the list.. Of folks I'm indebted to.
So whether I have known you.. For many days or few,
In some ways you have a part.. In shaping things I do.
I am but a total.. Of many folks I've met,
You are a friend I would prefer Never to forget
Thank you for being my friend.

GOLD HILL HISTORICAL SOCIETY MEMBERSHIP/RENEWAL/VOLUNTEER FORM

Name: _____

Street Address: _____

Mailing Address: _____

City, State, Zip _____

Telephone _____

☐ Family Membership \$5.00 per year
New or renewal

☐ Contribution

☐ Yes, I would like to volunteer

Return form to:

Gold Hill Historical Society
504 First Avenue
Post Office Box 26
Gold Hill, Oregon 97525-0026

BOARD of DIRECTORS

Marge Martin, President

Lyn Parker, Vice President

Gloria Wood, Secretary

Clare Moore, Treasurer

Ted Wharton

Rex Parker

Museum Curator: Joyce Wayland

Our Purpose and Goals

The Gold Hill Historical Society's
Purpose and Goals are to collect, document
And preserve the history of
Gold Hill and area through:

Oral Histories

Photographs

Artifacts

Books

GOLD HILL HISTORICAL SOCIETY

504 First Avenue

Post Office Box 26

Gold Hill, Oregon 97525-0026



Eagle Point Historical Society
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